Seperation Anxiety

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Seperation Anxiety

by harleygirl2648

Summary

Will and Hannibal are separated for just one night. How long before one of them goes out of their mind?

Notes

Yay! New installment! It's a short one, a quick one, but I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will had finished buttoning his coat in the hallway and removed the dog leash from the hook hanging beside the door. He'd long decided that Cephy was well-behaved enough to not need a carrier when they went to the vet, and he just had to whistle for her. He wandered back into the kitchen to pick up the car keys from where he'd set them on the table, and noticed Hannibal seated at the kitchen table, stirring his coffee and intently studying it. Agitation was evident in this microexpression. However, he did look up when Will approached the countertop. Will held back a laugh as Hannibal attempted to sound casual. "Are you going to be on your way, now?"

Will nodded, slipping the keys into his pocket. "Yeah, I'm going to pick up Cephy and take her to the vet now. It's two and a half hours away, gotta leave now so I'm not late for the appointment."

Hannibal nodded. "And you're certain-"

"She's a stray that was already ill when we found her, Hannibal, I have to take her in to help with her illness, and get her vaccinated again."

"I see."

Will couldn't hold back a laugh this time, and Hannibal tried not to scowl as he continued stirring his coffee. The sugar and the malik had already long dissolved and mixed in. Will walked away from the counter and gestured from Hannibal to stand up, and he did so. Will pulled him slightly closer by the ties on his robe and kissed him gently. "Hannibal," he murmured afterwards, "I promise, I will be home by the time you get off work. Do not panic, okay?"

"Why would I panic?"

Will didn't answer that, just raised his eyebrow and kissed him on the cheek. "Call it a gut feeling. I'll call you when I get the diagnosis. I'll be back later, promise." He smiled again, then turned away to retrieve the dog when a hand on his hip stopped him. He couldn't hold back a smile as he turned back and tried to appear surprised as Hannibal pulled him close into another kiss, the hand tightening its grip on his hip and the other hand making its way into his curls to keep him as close as possible. Will responded in kind, and was still smiling when Hannibal finally pulled away. "Don't miss me too much," Will breathed out, half-joking and yet serious at the same time. Hannibal managed a slight smile.

"Impossible."

Five hours.

Hannibal has been at work in his office at the university for five hours, and has read this chapter on ancient Roman cuisine at least four times. He hadn't registered a word. He hated

feeling this distracted. Frustrated, he turned the page back again, having lost his place in the reading. It was almost time to close the book out of sheer annoyance when his phone finally rang. Embarrassingly, he answered as soon as the first ring ended. “Will?”

“Who else would it be?” the warm voice sounded through the line, and Hannibal felt like letting out a sigh of relief. “Are you still at work? I don’t want to disturb-”

“I was just preparing to go home for the evening,” Hannibal interrupted, not on purpose but oh well. He looked at the paperwork still in his box and decided it could wait for another day. “What about you?”

“That’s the thing,” Will sighed, and Hannibal straightened in his chair, secretly glad Will couldn’t see and comment on that slip in the person suit. “Yeah, they want to keep her in overnight for some quick treatment and make sure the worm medication doesn't have any ill effects. And they want someone close by in case something unexpected happens with her meds, so-”

“You won’t be home tonight,” Hannibal finished for him, cradling the phone between his shoulder and his ear as he twists the wedding band on his finger and ignores the uncommon emotion of discomfort starting to travel down his nervous system. There’s another sigh from Will.

“I’m sorry, there’s no point traveling all the way back home to leave early again for the appointment.”

“Where will you be staying?” Hannibal asked, internally almost wincing at the coolness in his tone. Luckily, or perhaps unluckily, Will apparently could tell and Hannibal could hear the smile in his voice.

“Don’t panic, Hannibal.”

“I am not *panicking,* Will.”

“Mmm hmm. I’m staying at that B&B we’ve stayed at a few times on those antique trips. It’s not far from the clinic.”

“I see.”

“Hannibal.” Will’s voice is so warm and fond Hannibal feels his heart clench. “I’ll be home by noon tomorrow. I promise. Okay?”

Hannibal worked his jaw, and finally managed to say: “Yes. Alright.”

“Okay. I love you, you know that, right?”

“Yes,” Hannibal answered, almost too quickly. “I love you, Will.”

“I know,” is Will’s answer. “I’ll call you later, okay? I have to go finish with the vet.”

Hannibal wanted to strangle their vet. “Of course. I will - speak with you later, then.”

“Yes. I love you, Hannibal. Goodbye.”

“Goodbye, Will. I love you, as well.”

There’s a silence on both ends of the line, and Will hung up first. Hannibal gingerly brought his phone back down and hung up as well, staring at it for a few short moments. The clock flashed four o’clock, and Hannibal knew he’d never get any work done now. Instead he gathered up a few papers he had no intention of looking at back at home, and reached for the keys in his coat pocket.

It was silent back at home, and Hannibal immediately went for the record player to create an atmosphere to mask the quiet. His fingers brushed against one of Will’s favorites from Virginia O'Brien, and he decidedly avoided it in favor of the Chopin. Nocturne in F minor. A favorite, but even when the music started to float throughout the room, it didn’t fill the space like it once did. Not that with Will around there wasn’t an overabundance of noise, no, Will was quiet like Hannibal was. But his presence, the tension between them, was a tangible thing that was there whenever they were together. Hannibal pushed these thoughts aside and went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. Too quiet, too quiet, even with Chopin on full volume. He decided on risotto, saving the lobster tails for tomorrow since Will is not -

Risotto requires plenty time and attention, Hannibal put his thoughts away for the moment to focus on prepping the broth and searing the garlic and onions in a buttered saucepan. Then it was a matter of adding the rice, stirring it gently, and then periodically adding more stock and stirring the rice so it wouldn’t dry out and scorch and-

“Blah blah blah, I’m starving,” Will murmured, leaning his head on Hannibal’s shoulder as he stirred again.

“Good things to those who wait,” was Hannibal’s smooth reply. Will scoffed in his ear.

“I’ll remind you of that later tonight.”

Hannibal looked down and noticed the risotto was beginning to get dry. He’d stopped stirring. He added more broth and focused on the Chopin instead.

The red wine in the risotto was more bitter than Hannibal had thought when he ate it alone at the table. Or perhaps it was the onion scorching in the pan, or perhaps the mushrooms hadn’t been washed properly. There was something unmistakably bitter about this dish, but a part of Hannibal refused to admit it wasn’t the food. He put a pillow over those thoughts and smothered them as he cleaned the dishes. The record ended, and the house was silent again. He decided to not put another one in, and checked the watch on his wrist.

Six o’clock.

Sixteen hours until Will returned home, Hannibal automatically calculated. Damn sentimentality. He refused to let himself be preoccupied with these thoughts, so he thought about composing on the harpsichord. No melodies came to mind. Nothing to draw, either. Reading was out of the question in the silence of the house.

The only option left was to sleep this off, and he decided to do just that, heading upstairs and sinking onto the bed, covered in quality sheets. Bliss, really. It should be.

He's only asleep for a little over than half and hour when he reaches out to the cold side of the bed and instantly wakes back up again. Pointless, idiotic, sentimental, and bordering on obsession.

("Bordering? You give yourself too much credit." That's what Will would say. Maybe. He is difficult to predict.)

(What if he left, what if something happened, what if what if what if-)

This is becoming ridiculous at a rapid pace.

It's simple, he can relax. Fifteen - *fifteen hours* is not that long. He's waited a total five years, some of those years spent behind bars. And he was… *fine,* then. He was fine. And he is *currently fine,* and will be for the next - *fifteen hours.* Fifteen hours does push at the limits of his admittedly questionable sanity. But, as he reassured himself, he is perfectly fine.

Perfectly fine, he asserted to himself again as he packs a spare change of shirt and pants into a leather suitcase and debates which shoes to bring as he also ponders if Will left the keys to the Cadillac in their usual place in the top shelf of the dresser.

Will switched off the TV in his room as he stretched out on the bed and tried to relax. The sounds of gentle murmurs in the hallway and the hum of the heating system a somewhat pleasant ambiance. Louder than home, at least. Oh god, he wanted to be back home so he could sleep. It had always been a tick for him; unable to sleep in his own bed most nights, strange beds were worse. But he was much better with it now, even though he now realized he hadn't slept in a different bed for a while now. The quilted covers and worn sheets were nowhere near uncomfortable, but he was annoyed nonetheless. God, why couldn't he just-

The knock at the door was startling, and Will sat straight up in bed, tangled in the sheets and blinking at the digital clock on the bedside table. Nine-thirty. Why - why would the staff knock this late? It had to be either staff or the FBI finally breaking down the door, and frankly Will was too tired to deal with either, in his sleepwear, at this time of night. He removed the knife from his coat (he really should have packed a suitcase just in case) and made his way to the door. He had just barely gotten the door open when the visitor on the other side of the door pulled hard at the doorknob and swung the door open wider and closing the space between them.

Will had just started to laugh and say, “Hannibal-” when the man in question wrapped an arm around his waist and pulled him into a kiss. Will couldn't keep from laughing into it, just reaching down to drag the suitcase inside as Hannibal closed the door behind them with his foot, not once breaking the kiss. Will was still laughing when they broke away, and his first words were, “I told you not to miss me too much.”

“And I told you that was an impossible task,” Hannibal replied smoothly. He had not loosened his grip on Will at all. Will smiled again, and Hannibal felt like letting out another deep sigh of relief. Will reached up and brushed his fingers against Hannibal’s jawline.

“You didn’t shave tonight,” he says, almost thoughtful. “Or this morning, looks like.”

“No.”

“I love that.”

“I am aware.”

“I know you are. I tell you every time you leave it. How long did you last before you figured out I left the Cadillac keys by my pillow?”

“Amusing,” was Hannibal’s dry response, but still didn’t let go. Will leaned his head on Hannibal’s shoulder and felt it relax under his touch.

“I was about to call you,” Will murmured softly, and Hannibal’s other hand came up to clutch at his hair as though to somehow keep him closer. “Because I missed you, too.”

He could finally feel Hannibal’s smile when he bent down to kiss the scar across his cheek. “I would hope so.”

“Don’t be smug, I didn’t drive two hours at night because I missed you.”

“Yet you’d sail across the sea.”

“Different,” Will replied, sounding muffled. “And I’m not debating with you right now, I’m tired, I was trying to sleep when you showed up.”

“How were you faring?”

“Badly, to your satisfaction,”’ Will answered back, pulling away and then pulled Hannibal towards the bed with laughable ease. “We’re sleeping.”

Hannibal didn’t fight this, instead getting into the bed with Will and pulled the covers up around them. Will rested his head on Hannibal’s chest, and they just sat there for a few moments and listened to each other’s heartbeats. Then Will moved so they could they kiss more easily, and Hannibal’s hand slid down to his hips while the other snuck back into his hair and then Will muttered into the kiss, “...fine, we don't have to sleep yet. Quit smirking or I’ll stop.”

Hannibal, to his credit, did stop with a little persuasion.

It had taken two hours to untangle from each other in the morning, get dressed with the clothes Hannibal had packed, and get breakfast downstairs; another hour to eat said breakfast, chat with the owner of the B&B (Maria knew them and Hannibal had easily been able to tell her that he was supposed to meet with Will that night as Will had checked in early), and for Will to collect the business card of the man who filed an, ahem, noise complaint last night. Hannibal planned to antique shop while Will finished with the dog, and they'd meet back at home for lunch.

Traffic turned out to be an issue for Hannibal, as he had stopped at one of the local produce stands to pick up ingredients for dinner. He arrived home half an hour late.

As soon as he had stepped inside, he was forced to drop the bag and the bok choy rolled out of it when Will immediately met him at the door and pulled him close into a hug. Hannibal couldn't help but respond in kind, keeping him just as close.

"Don't be fucking late again," he muttered into Hannibal's shoulder.

End Notes

Please, please leave all the comments and kudos you like! I love responding to them!

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